

We enter the story in the initial TARDIS scene, when the Doctor is working at the console and Sarah enters wearing an unfamiliar outfit. But this time there's a difference...

‘Hallo, Zoe,’ says the Doctor abstractedly.

Sarah is wearing a black PVC jacket and micro-miniskirt, with boots and a neckerchief. From time to time her hand twitches at the patterned hemline with unconscious discomfort. ‘What?’ she says. ‘Who?’

‘Where did you get that dress?’

‘I found it... back there in the wardrobe. You never told me how much you’ve got there ... from all times by the looks of it! I’d have liked to find a version with a longer skirt...’ She fidgets with the hemline again. ‘But even I used to wear things like this back in the miniskirt boom, and I don’t mind saying I was reckoned to have \*quite\* the nicest legs on the newspaper circuit up north.’ She grins and extends a leg forward, pointing the toe of her boot, then notices that she’s been doing all the talking. ‘What’s wrong? Don’t you like it?’

‘I always did. Zoe wore it. She traveled with me for a time. But...’ He trails off.

‘Well, I just thought I needed to find something really practical to wear for a change.’

‘It will turn a lot of soldiers’ heads, probably...’

‘Well, yes, if we actually \*get\* back to UNIT HQ in 1980. But after Zeta Minor, I was thinking more about how this outfit will wipe clean. We’re just as likely to end up in another rotten muddy old swamp, knowing your prowess at steering the TARDIS.’

‘My what?’ growls the Doctor.

‘Well,’ says Sarah, wafting her hand demonstratively across the console, flickering her fingers half an inch above the buttons and levers, ‘Scotland to London via the end of the universe? You can’t honestly say your recent track record has been...’

There is a lurch and Sarah and the Doctor are both thrown to the floor. Sarah is ruefully yanking down her short skirt when she sees the apparition of Sutekh’s face in the air before her. Then normality seems to be restored. She rises to her feet, rubbing the tender parts where she fell. ‘Did you see it?’ she says urgently.

‘Nothing can enter the TARDIS. What I saw was the consequences of fiddling about with my controls.’

‘You think \*I\* caused...’ Sarah tails off in exasperation. ‘Look, I never actually touched them, not a single switch. What matters is that ... thing!’

The Doctor gives an exasperated sigh. ‘And I thought you’d learned your lesson before,’ he says, seizing Sarah by the shoulders. He sits down and puts her across his knee.

‘Doctor, please!’

Sarah’s little skirt concertinas up around her waist, and the Doctor slaps out his message, word by word, on her pink panties. ‘I - will - not - have - anyone - touching - the - TARDIS - controls - without - my - permission!’ He adds another three sharp smacks for emphasis, then sets her on her feet.

Sarah is stung as much by the injustice as the spanking, which was not especially severe by the Doctor’s standards. She pouts, pulls down her skirt and opens her mouth to protest – then thinks better of it.

‘We’ve landed,’ says the Doctor.

‘UNIT HQ in 1980?’ ventures Sarah, considering a hasty exit back to her Ealing flat.

The Doctor peers at the controls. ‘Not bad, Doctor, considering,’ he says to himself. He looks at Sarah. ‘UNIT HQ, but not 1980,’ he pronounces.

‘Oh, Doctor!’

‘Well, if at first you don’t succeed,’ says the Doctor. He looks her in the eye.

‘Fancy exploring before we try again?’

Sarah wipes a tear from her cheek, and slowly a smile spreads across her face.

‘Now you’re talking,’ she says.

‘And before we go, there’s two more things to do.’

Sarah looks apprehensive. ‘And they are?’

The Doctor flicks a switch on the console. ‘To ensure that this never, ever happens again, I’ve just made the controls isomorphic.’

‘Meaning?’

‘Meaning now they respond only to my touch, until I switch them back. You won’t be able to meddle with them even if you’re tempted.’

Sarah again bites down the impulse to justify herself and instead allows herself to feel silently relieved. ‘And the other thing?’

‘Well, I think you should go back to the wardrobe and choose again. Unless you want to be arrested for indecency. It’s 1911, you know.’ Sarah makes a huffy little noise and turns toward the door. ‘Try looking just a little further back. Something worn by Victoria might be suitable.’

‘Well I’m not picking something Albert wore!’ says Sarah, then yelps as the Doctor plants another openhanded smack on her freshly spanked bottom.

‘Alright, I’m going, I’m going...’

Sarah returns ten minutes later in the demure cream dress she wears on screen.

‘Much more appropriate,’ says the Doctor. ‘My own clothes fit in anywhere, of course...’ Sarah goggles. ‘...but it does help matters when my companions wear authentic period dress.’

‘Well, all except...’ begins Sarah.

‘Yes?’

‘Nothing!’ she says hastily and begins to blush.

‘No, come on, out with it. What have you done?’

‘Well, if you must know, I drew the line at those enormous bloomers. But that’s not something anybody will notice, is it?’

‘Not as long as you behave yourself,’ says the Doctor sardonically as he leaves the TARDIS. Sarah follows, suppressing a gulp.

Sarah is due for another spanking in this story, and it’s fairly obvious what it’s going to be for. The problem will be finding the chance for the Doctor to actually do it! We now jump to Part 3, with our heroes searching for explosives in the poacher’s hut. Sarah is looking up on the shelf, finds the box and drops it down to the Doctor. But he is not pleased with her. ‘Sweaty gelignite is highly unstable,’ he hisses. ‘One good sneeze could set it off. Which is why I’m going to leave spanking you until later.’

And there’s the issue: when? From here on in, everything is urgent: first they have to get the gelignite to the pyramid spaceship and detonate it, then the Doctor has to go and confront Sutekh in his lair, then he comes back under Sutekh’s control, followed by the trip to Mars and back and the mad rush to assemble the gizmo that will extend the time tunnel before Sutekh can get to the end of it. There isn’t a single moment of leisure for the Doctor to deal out justice for Sarah’s mistake with the gelignite. So the spanking threat hangs over the later stages of the story, with Sarah constantly on edge with the prospect of a sore bottom. Her nerves put her aim a little off when she’s trying to hit the explosive with the rifle: ‘Watch where you’re shooting!’ hisses the Doctor after

the first shot goes wide.

At long last, they are back in the TARDIS at the end of the story, with the old priory burning. Now it's time for Sarah's bottom to do the same. The Doctor tells her that they still have a little unfinished business to deal with.

‘Come again?’ says Sarah, feigning ignorance.

‘I mean the little matter of the explosion in the poacher’s hut,’ says the Doctor.

‘What explosion in the poacher’s hut would that be?’

‘Well, there wasn’t one, no thanks to you,’ says the Doctor, gritting his teeth.

‘Oh, that,’ says Sarah. ‘I was hoping you’d forgotten.’

Unfortunately for her, he hasn’t, and she quickly finds herself across his knee, her long period dress raised to expose her modern white panties edged with fluffy lace. There is a sharp crack, almost as loud as the bang they avoided in the hut, as the Doctor’s flat palm connects with its round cotton target, and Sarah’s yelps and struggles are to no avail. To the staccato sound of a good spanking, the TARDIS spins its way through space, taking the Doctor and Sarah towards their next adventure....